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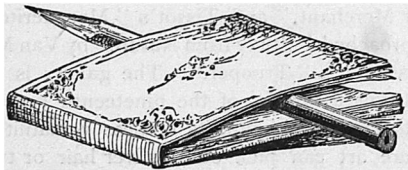
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perspective, by the way—which we are sure would delight the soul of the decorator, every particle of whose ornamentation is brought out with the utmost fidelity. Of the two etchings, we think that we prefer the Hunt, despite the crudeness in drawing of the left hand and the wrinkles under the eyes. We prefer it, perhaps, for the reason that there is no profusely-carved and super-finished cabinet in the picture, and because, labored as it is in execution, it shows more freedom than does the Bernhardt portrait. Of course it is not fair to expect to find in the work of a mere engraver the chic and dash of the "peintre graveur;" yet we cannot but think that without something of these qualities—a suggestion, at least, of originality—there is not sufficient reason for Mr. Walker to abandon the graver for the etching needle.



My Note Book.



SARAH BERNHARDT'S modelling on the stage, which was considered so wonderful in England, suggests to me that probably most persons are not aware how this can be done most effectively without any knowledge of sculpture whatever. All that is necessary is to have a red plaster cast, covered with soft clay, and then, going through the motions of modelling, the artist has simply to remove the clay, and—behold the masterpiece! I do not say by any

means that this is done by the fair sculptor depicted in the margin. There have been actors who really did model on the stage—for instance, one who, in the rôle of Benvenuto Cellini, being taken captive by brigands, diverts them by evidences of his plastic skill. As a rule, though, the conventional stage artist is ridiculous enough. Recently, at Daly's Theatre, in the play of "Tiote," Mr. John Drew, in such a rôle, with a few movements of the wrist, made a striking likeness of the object of his affections, without even glancing at her during the entire sitting. Of course, all that he had to do was to rub off the chalk coating which concealed the picture already drawn underneath.

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THE exhibition, under the auspices of the Philadelphia Society of Artists, of pictures of American artists residing in Europe, will introduce to the public for the first time many an artist who has been working for years unknown to fame. Who can say but there may be among them another Picknell not yet recognized at his worth? It should be the duty and the pride of connoisseurs who visit the exhibition to discover the latent genius of these young painters, and encourage them by the purchase of their pictures. By becoming the discoverer and patron of a rising artist, your Mæcenas not only earns an enviable distinction as a person of taste and discernment, but he also makes a profitable investment. There is indeed no better venture—when it is carried out with judgment—than the purchase of pictures in this way.

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PICKNELL sends "La Route de Concarneau," his Salon picture, which has brought him so much fame. Of course it will attract a good deal of attention. Albert Wolfe, the famous critic of Figaro, says the sunshine is so bright that one must wear blue glasses in looking at it. Picknell was a pupil of Ennis, and afterward of Gérôme, but his style bears no resemblance to that of either. It is peculiarly original. Burr H. Nicholls sends from his sojourning place in Pontevin, among other paintings, a street scene in Brittany with figures. His Salon picture, "The Old Hearth," was sold to a Paris banker. Frank Moss sends his "Raising of Jairus' Daughter," from the Salon, a strong picture with life-size figures. Henry Bacon,

whose "Burial at Sea" at the '79 Salon won him well-merited reputation, contributes his Salon picture of this year, which is also a scene on an ocean steamer. It represents an attractive young lady conversing with the handsome surgeon of the vessel. Bridgman sends his "Exterior at Biskra," "Arab Women Weaving the Burnous" (Salon of '80), "Tents of Nomads," and "Plain of Biskra." John S. Sargent affords us an opportunity of seeing his "Ambergris Burner," which is said to be particularly fine in color. This and a "Portrait of a Lady" were in the Salon this year. Those who remember Mr. Sargent's clever portrait of his master, Carolus Duran, will be sorry to know that his Salon portrait of this year was not successful. Milne Ramsey sends three pictures, including, I believe, his "Lettre de Cachet" (Salon '79), sold in Philadelphia. Blashfield, who intends to open a studio in New York, and was to sail for home on November 10th, contributes "The Besieged Hailing an Army of Deliverance" (Salon '80), "The Aviary," "Roman Ladies Teaching Children the Flute," "The Music Lesson," and "Roman Ladies Playing with Birds and a Tiger."

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AMONG the artists who contribute, who *have* been abroad but are now in this country, are Messrs. Hovenden, E. M. Ward, St. Gaudens, and Bolton Jones. Moss and Loomis came over during the summer on a flying trip, and have returned to Paris. D. R. Knight is at Poissy. Joseph Evans is homeward bound from Paris. Sargent is in Venice. So were Charles Dyer, of Chicago, and Ralph Curtis, of Boston, when last heard of. Charles Caryl Coleman is sketching in Savoy. Charles E. Dubois has been roaming in Neuchâtel; he talks of coming home this fall; so do many other of our clever boys who are hard at work for the artist's laurels. The exhibition in Philadelphia is without doubt a great attraction, and too much credit can hardly be given to Mr. Corliss, the Secretary of the Academy of Fine Arts, for the active part he has taken in bringing it about.

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THE editors of The American Art Review are to be congratulated on the completion of its first year. The publishers, Messrs. Estes & Lauriat, have faithfully carried out their promises to their subscribers, and it is to be hoped have met with the reward that their enterprise deserves. The three etchings in the October number are "Old Cedars," by James D. Smillie, "On New York Bay," by Henry Farrer, and "The Lute Player," etched by J. Klaus, after the painting by Leopold Müller. These are all excellent plates, Mr. Smillie's work being especially strong and full of character. Altogether they are far more satisfactory than those of the preceding number, in which Mr. Van Elten's plate, "On the Shepang River," is over-bitten, Wilhelm Leibl's "Heads of Peasants" is weakly etched, and Mr. S. J. Ferris' etching of Gilbert Stuart's portrait of Mrs. Philip Nicklin is so poor—the execution of the arm and hands is monumentally bad—that it is difficult to believe that it is by the artist who produced "The Dead Fortuny." Of course, the difficulty of furnishing two good original etchings every month, in this country, where the art may be said to be yet in its infancy, should be taken into consideration, and on the whole the art features of The Review for the year have certainly been creditable to all concerned.

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SCRIBNER'S Monthly Illustrated Magazine celebrates the completion of its first decade by appearing in a new cover. I do not think that it is an improvement. The old one was attractive in design and unique in color. The new is pleasing in neither respect, but is of an ultra-mediaeval type which savors of affectation. It is strange that an old publishing house like Scribner & Co., which knows well the value of a good trade-mark, should discard such a valuable one with so little ceremony. The Harpers for about thirty years retained the original cover of their magazine, notwithstanding the pooriness of the design, and recently, when they did change it, it was done with so much care that probably few persons have noticed the alterations made, which by the way were comparatively trifling, relating chiefly to details of drawing. The Atlantic Monthly cover originally had a vignette of Governor Winthrop. When the war broke out the American flag was sub-

stituted, and afterward this was dropped. No change was made at any time in the general appearance of the cover.

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BUT, after all, supposing that the new cover of Scribner's is not an improvement, one can afford to be satisfied with it, so long as the pages between contain as much that is good in illustration and letter-press as do, for the most part, those of the November issue. To the artistic fraternity this number will be particularly attractive. Charles De Kay has a capital paper on Elihu Vedder, and the third instalment of Alfred Sensier's narrative of Millet, the peasant painter, is full of interest. Mr. T. Cole, in his woodcut of "The Sower," has caught the sentiment of the artist, and has cleverly reproduced the general tone of the painting; but the ploughman, with his team in the distance, is vapory and disconnected, looking more like a mirage than anything else. More satisfactory is Mr. Cole's engraving after Tchoumakoff's "Russian Nun," which is charming in every respect. His interpretation of Mr. Vedder's "The Lost Mind," and "The Young Marsyas," also shows him at his best. Mr. J. P. Davis' illustrations of Vedder's pictures are generally excellent, but the pressman has evidently "carried too much ink" in one of the forms on which this article is printed, and consequently much of the delicacy of some of the cuts is lost. Miss Oakley's illustrations of "A Chapter on Tableaux," are conspicuously bad. Who can defend such blotchy, lifeless inanities as "Ophelia at the Brook," with talons of a harpy; "A Monk in His Cell," with face modelled in putty; "A Nun at Her Devotions," with a hand like a star-fish, and "The Masquers," a meaningless daub. In pleasing contrast there are Victor Nehlig's excellent drawing of Peter the Great and William III., engraved by Closson; Blum's spirited and admirably composed "Arrival (of the Coach) in the Olden Time," all but faultlessly cut by A. Whitney, and Lungren's "Town Meeting," capably engraved by Kilbury. Mr. Lungren—who, like Blum, is a disciple of the Fortuny-Boldini school—is an enthusiastic young artist of decided ability. He has a bright future before him.

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THE two hundred lots bought at the San Donato sale for Messrs. Sypher & Co., and recently exhibited in New York, included some articles of peculiar interest. Among these were four chairs and a sofa upholstered in yellow silk, richly decorated, and a marble-topped toilet-table with a large oval mirror, all warranted to have been used by Napoleon during his exile at Elba. A remarkably fine mosaic table by Barberi, representing an engagement between Turks and Romans, supported on a stand formed of three gilt bronze eagles, back to back, attracted much attention, and was one of the first objects sold. The ceramic exhibit included a fine pair of soft paste Sèvres vases of the Louis XVI. period, and one of the half-dozen old Vienna plates illustrated in the San Donato catalogue. There was also a cabinet decorated with a great many little Sèvres plaques of curious interest. Among several rich hangings were two portières of the sixteenth century, from the main hall of Prince Demidoff's Palace, and one of Genoa velvet, elaborately worked in bullion, with a central medallion representing St. Michael's victory over the devil.

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AN etching by Rajon, after Bonnat, accompanies the October number of Cassell's "Magazine of Art." The picture is called "Don't Cry," and represents a youth kneeling beside a little Italian girl, his left arm placed caressingly around her. The face of the girl is unnaturally mature.

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A PORTRAIT of Mr. Street, the architect of the imposing buildings to be occupied as the new courts of justice in London, is to be carved in a corbel supporting an oriel window on the north side of the quadrangle of the court. This "highly interesting and sensible practice of representing the architects of great buildings on the exterior of their works" is commended by The Athenæum. It might be introduced with advantage in New York as a reward of merit or as a frightful example. It would be delightful to see the Boston architect who designed the new Union League Club building pilloried after this fashion.

MONTEZUMA.